
Kiss
the
Skye
by
Alessa

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by Alessa

It just... sat there. Staring up at me. Trying to act all innocent, like it was *okay* that it was sitting on my seat, further deepening my already dreadful mood even though it was only eight o'clock in the morning. Stupid pink smiley face on the stupid purple candy heart. Well... okay, so maybe it wasn't exactly *its* fault that it was there, but... still!

Sighing, I flicked it off my seat and plunked gracefully onto the surface where the invasive little bastard had just been. And then, to show my lovely mood, I crossed my arms over my chest.

And glared at everyone who walked by.

Most of them didn't notice. They were too busy giggling, swapping spit, holding hands, and all that romantic crap.

It was, after all... Valentine's Day.

Now, don't get me wrong or anything! I love romance as much as any girl; I'm about as helpless a romantic as a person can be. But there's just something about Valentine's Day that has always bothered me. I guess it's just watching everyone else cuddle, and smooch, and be happy lovebirds while I... I am completely alone.

Oh, yes. That's always oodles of fun.

Basically, anyone who knows me knows that February 14th is also "Avoid-Laney-Day."

"Hey, Laney."

Okay... I amend that statement. Anyone who knows me *well* knows to avoid me today.

"Skye." It came out more like a growl than anything else.

"Ouch... woke up on the wrong side of the bed this morning? Oh, wait... you do that every morning," she commented, sliding gracefully into the seat behind me.

"Oh, good one, Skye. What're we in now, third grade?"

"Actually, I believe we're in seventh."

Whirling around in my seat, I gave her a glare. She only smirked in response. Growling, I rolled my eyes and turned back around. This day was just getting better and better, and...

"Aww, cheer up Laney, it's Valentine's Day!"

...and oh, so much better, as we speak.

"Unless there is a problem. Like being all alone?"

...I clenched my hands together in fists until my knuckles turned white.

"If I gave you a kiss, would you feel better?"

...I could feel my face heating up. Why won't she just shut up?

"I'd be your first, right?"

Skye Ellis, ladies and gentlemen, the Queen of Sensitivity. Sure, she may have that blond hair and blue eyes that all the boys lust after, therefore making her one of the most popular girls in this *entire* hell-shack of a school, which means she can have practically *any* boy she wants swooning at her feet... But noooo! Today, out of all days, she decided she had to irritate me. A girl. And as much as I didn't want it to... it stung.

I dipped my head and hunched up my shoulders, and I could feel the first tears stinging my eyes. I would not cry... I would not cry; I would not...

"Oh, Laney... I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be..."

"Yeah, well, you were," I spat back at her, not bothering to look up.

"Laney, honestly, I was just..."

"Shut up, Skye."

Luckily, the presence of our professor cut off anything else she might have said. After all... she was right. Thirteen, and I had never been kissed.

And she had to remind me of that.

On Valentine's Day.

I hated her.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

There were two of them this time. Just sitting there on my desk, staring up at me, the words "Be Mine" and "Awesome" scrawled across the respective pink and orange hearts. With a growl, I swiped them off my desk and, upon sitting down, buried my head in the crook of my elbow.

Whoever was doing this had to have a death wish.

I peeked up from my arm to spare a glance around the room. No one was snickering like they had just witnessed the punch line of their sick prank... as they would be right about now.

So maybe it was all a coincidence.

Or just leftovers that someone had forgotten.

Yeah, that had to be it.

Or at least... that's what I hoped for.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

"Laney?"

I looked up from my lunch tray to see my friend Sarah waving at me wildly. She looked way too happy, and she was up and out of her seat before I could wave back at her.

"You've got to see this!" she said, latching onto my arm and dragging me back to our table excitedly. When we reached it, she pointed at a cluster of objects in front of my usual seat.

"Is this some sort of sick joke!?"

I had enough. Really, I had. Throughout the first five periods before lunch, there'd been some sort of candy heart waiting for me at my desk. Their numbers were growing, as was my annoyance. This didn't help at all.

Sarah and the other girls at our table looked at me in shock. Sarah looked pained. "What's wrong with it?"

"Did you do this?"

"No... but..."

"Do you know who did it?"

"No, Laney, but... "

"That's exactly the problem!" I huffed, slamming my tray down onto the table, and plunked sulkily into the seat. With an annoyed sigh, I shoved the candy hearts, with their phrases of "Magic", "Ask Me", "Gorgeous", and "It's Love" across the table, effectively displacing the heart they had formed.

Sarah sat down beside me, perplexed. "But Laney... don't you think it's cute?"

"Not really," I dragged the tray in front of me.

"But you have a secret admirer!"

I snorted. "Or a secret stalker."

"I think someone's got a crush on you," she said in this annoying sing-song voice that she was known for.

"I doubt it."

"And why's that? You're pretty, y'know?"

That's the other annoying thing about Sarah. I'm pretty sure she's going to be a shrink some day. But today, I wanted none of her "friendly advice" or counselling.

"Because I'm... me. And... I don't need some boy drooling over me."

"Laney...?"

See, I'm not saying I'm ugly, a man-hater, or anything. I'm not. Honest. I'm just an average girl of average height, slim build, brown eyes, and brown hair... that's me in a nutshell. I just really don't think any of the boys in our school—that we've all known since, like, forever—would dig my whole sarcastic attitude, my brains, my bookish ways, and all my other little quirks. So... sue me or something.

"Sarah, can we not get into this?"

"But..."

"Please?" It was more of a request than a plea.

"Fine."

"We'll talk later."

"Sure."

I gave her a nudge. "And then you can tell me all the juicy details about your date tonight."

She blushed and slapped my hand away, but from the smile on her face, I knew she wasn't mad at me.

"Hey, Laney?"

"Yeah?"

"Are you going to eat those?"

I spared a glance for the colourful hearts. "Go for it."

Sarah beamed and slid the hearts closer. "Thanks."

I gave her a small smile. "No problem."

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

I was honestly almost afraid of opening my locker. The hearts hadn't stopped at lunch—oh no, that would be waaaaay too easy. No, instead they kept multiplying as before, and everyone who saw them found them *"Oh, soooo cute!!"*

Ugh, kill me now!

But then, in my very last period, there was a box of them with my name on it, and by now I was officially convinced it wasn't just some random mistake—this person was actually leaving the hearts for me.

As I walked to my locker, I had this irrational fear that opening my locker door would mean death by an avalanche of candy hearts. What a way to go, that'd be. I could already see it in the headlines: "Schoolgirl crushed to death by candy hearts!"

31... 22... 12...

Taking a deep breath, I cringed, and tugged gently on the handle of my locker... and promptly felt something tap me lightly on the head.

See, I knew something was going to happen!

But at least it didn't feel like an avalanche of candy hearts.

Opening my eyes, I glanced around, looking for the perpetrator. I let out a sigh of relief when I realised it wasn't a candy heart. Bending down, my fingers curled around the delicate stems of white and red roses, their stems twinned together with a silky ribbon. A card peaked out from behind the soft petals.

Curious, I slid it out, only to see a short note written on it:

> *Laney,*
>
> *Meet me at the bench underneath the willow tree.*
>
> *3:00pm*

Well, that was just great. Now I had even more questions. Who was this person? How in the Hell did he get my locker combination, and... was I going to go to the specified place at the specified time?

Biting my lip, I looked down at my watch. 2:50. I looked back at the roses. I thought back to the candy hearts, kind of regretting tossing the box of them into the trash can, and heaved a sigh.

Valentine's Day was never a good day for me, so no matter how things turned out... it couldn't possibly make it any worse.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

I could see *someone* sitting on the bench, but I couldn't quite tell who it was. I could feel my heart hammering in my chest as I got closer. At the sound of my feet, the person looked up, and I caught a glimpse of... *her* face.

No...

It couldn't be...

Not *her*!

Not...

"Skye?" I croaked.

"Hey, Laney," she said, standing up. She shoved her hands awkwardly into her pockets.

"What're you doing here?"

She shrugged. "Waiting for you."

"Me?" I pointed a finger at myself. And immediately felt stupid.

She grinned. "Yeah, you."

"*Why*?" Apparently, I was having difficulty saying anything more than one word. And for some reason, she seemed oddly nervous.

"Didn't you get my messages?"

"What messages?" Ah, there we go, people, *two* words!

A worried look crossed her pretty face. "The candy hearts. I thought..."

"*You* left them?" My heart was now running a marathon in my chest, and it was becoming very difficult to breathe. It couldn't have been her... that would be just too... too... cliché?

"Yeah, it was me." There was an awkward pause. "Did you like them?"

I sank down onto the bench that she had just risen from, my knees suddenly turning to jelly. No... I had hated it—hated anything to do with Valentine's Day—until now. Why... *why, why, why, why* WHY did I throw away all the hearts?

'But at least you kept the roses', something inside me whispered.

"Why?" I whispered, looking up at Skye.

Her eyebrows knitted together, and she sat down beside me, facing me. "Well, isn't it obvious?"

I felt like the biggest ditz in the world right then as I shook my head. "No... not really."

She chuckled warmly, and I felt slightly better. She reached forward and took my hands in hers. The contact sent shivers down my spine.

"I—I like you, Laney."

Surprised, I jerked my hands away from hers. A look of shock and worry crossed her face.

"But... but you can't!"

A curious smirk replaced the shock. "And why not?"

"Because... because it's impossible! You're... a GIRL!"

She chuckled again and reached forward to tuck a piece of loose hair behind my ear. "And so are you, Laney. Nothing's impossible."

"But... "

"Yes?"

"This morning... "

Her face fell immediately. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking when I said what I did... I felt like a jerk afterwards. Can you forgive me?"

I nodded in acceptance. "How... how did you get my locker combination?"

"Jess gave it to me," she said with a shrug.

Ah... that might explain why she never said anything at lunch when I was freaking out about the candy hearts. That shifty little traitor knew all along! I'd have to get back at her for that later.

I narrowed my eyes at Skye. "You weren't planning on burying me alive, were you?"

"What?"

I guess she wasn't aware of my fear of candy hearts avalanche. I sighed. "You don't have any more hearts, do you?"

She blushed and broke eye contact for the first time. "I have one more, actually."

"Oh?" There... see? I was gaining control of my words. In fact, I think the person in charge of this conversation has changed.

"Yeah."

"Is it for me?"

"Well... Uh... I'm not sure if..."

The great Skye Ellis, reduced to stuttering words? I never thought I'd see the day! I smirked, all of my own shyness disappearing. Reaching out, I nudged her in the knee. "C'mon... please?"

Stuttering something under her breath, she dug her hand into the pocket of her school bag. Taking it out, she held her hand towards me, displaying the writing on the white heart that rested in between her index finger and thumb.

Kiss Me.

My eyebrows shot up as I met her gaze. She blushed and shrugged. Smirking, I leaned forward. She followed my movements, and her eyes widened in shock as I gently took the heart from her fingers with my lips.

"So does this mean...?"

I silenced her with a finger on her soft lips then, and even though my pulse was beating more quickly than before, I leaned forward and mashed my lips against hers. I could feel her smiling into my mouth and reaching for my shoulders, pulling me closer. I twined my arms around her neck, deepening the kiss.

Moments later, we broke apart to catch a breath. She rested her forehead against mine, both of us panting heavily.

"Not so bad for your first kiss," she said jokingly.

"Hey!" I punched her playfully in the shoulder.

She smiled. "Happy Valentine's Day, Laney," she bent her head down and captured my lips again. And as we made out on the bench, I decided... Valentine's Day wasn't so bad after all.

The End